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MISCELLANY.

THE PERILS OF MARTHA WARREN.

"Good bye, Martha. God help you! I shall be back in three days at the farthest." The hardy White Mountain pioneer, Mark Warren, kissed his young wife, held his two years old boy to his breast for a moment, then shouldering the sack of corn which was to be converted into meal at the rude mill, forty miles away, trudged off through the wilderness.

Martha Warren stood at the door of the log cottage, gazing out after the retreating form of her husband. An angle of the dense shrubbery hid him from her view, but still she did not return to the solitary kitchen. It looks so dark and lonesome there, she shrank from entering, or perhaps the grand sublimity of the view spread out before her held her attention and thrilled her soul with that nameless, unexplained something that we all see when standing face to face with the works of His fingers.

The finest and most satisfactory view of the White Mountains is that which presents itself from what is now the town of Bethel, on the road to Littleton and Franconia, Mount Washington, the king among princes, is there seen in its proper place—the center of the "rock ribbed" range—towering, bald, blue and unapproachable.

Far up in a wild clearing, close by the turbid waters of the Amonosuck, was the cottage situated—a place wild and eerie enough for the nest of an eagle, but dear to the heart of Martha Warren, as the home where she had spent the happy days of her young widowhood. When she had turned from many a patrician suitor, in the fair old town of Portsmouth, to join her fortunes with those of the young settler, it was with the full and perfect understanding of the trials that lay before her. She would walk in no paths of roses for years to come, much of life must be spent in the eternal solitude, where silence was unbroken only by the wild winds of the forest, the shriek of the river over the sharp rocks, or the dismal howl of the red mottled wolf afar in the wilderness. The necessary absence of her husband she dreaded most. It was so very gloomy to close up her doors at night and sit down by her lonely fireside, with the consciousness that there was no human being nearer to her than the settlement of Lord's Hill, ten miles away through the pathless woods.

There was little to fear from Indians, although a few of the wandering tribes yet roamed over these primeval hunting grounds. They were mostly disposed to be friendly, and Mrs. Warren's kind heart naturally prompted her to many acts of friendship towards them, and an Indian never forgets a benefit.

The purple mist cleared away from the scarred forehead of the dominant old mountain; the yellow sun peeped over the rocky wall, and Martha turned away to the performance of her simple domestic duties. The day was a long one, but it was toward evening, and the gloaming comes much sooner in those solitudes than in any other places. The sunlight faded out of the unglazed windows, though it would illuminate the far off mountains for some time yet; and Martha went out in the scanty garden to inhale the odor of the sweet peonies on the meager root she had brought from home.

The spicy perfumes carried her back in memory to those days away in the past, spent with kind friends, and cheered by bright young hopes. But though the thought of home and kindred made her sad, not for a moment did she regret the fate she had chosen. Absorbed in thought, she had not observed the absence of Charlie, her little boy; now she saw with vague uneasiness that he had left the bed of peppermint where he had been playing, and was not to be seen. She called his name, but only echoed the roar of the swollen river replied. She flew back to the house, the faint hope remaining that he might have returned thither for his pet kitten; but no, the kitten was meowing at the window, but no signs of Charlie. With frantic haste she searched the clearing, but without success. Her next thought was the river! Black as night, save where it was flecked with spots of white foam—it flowed on but a few rods before her. She hurried down the brink, calling out, "Charlie, Charlie!" The child's small voice at some little distance replied. She followed the sound, and to her sorrow saw her boy—his golden hair and rosy cheeks clearly defined against the purple twilight sky—standing on the very edge of the huge, detached rock, some ten feet from the shore, out in the sweeping current of the river!

This rock called by the settlers, "The Pulpit," was a good situation for casting lines, and Mark Warren had bridged the narrow chasm between it and the shore with a couple of hewn logs.

Allured by some clusters of flaming fire weed growing on the side of the Pulpit Charlie had crossed over and now stood there regardless of danger, laughingly

holding out the floral treasures to his mother. Martha flew over the frail bridge, and the next instant held her child in her arms. Joyful because she had found him unharmed, and mentally resolving that the logs should be removed to prevent further accident, she turned to retrace her steps, but the sight that met her eyes froze her with horror to the spot.

Confronting her on the bridge, not six feet distant, was an enormous wolf, gaunt and bony with hunger, his eyes blazing like live coals thro' the mist, his hot fetid breath scorching the very air she breathed.

A low growl of intense satisfaction stirred the air, answered by the growl of fifty more of his kind, belonging to the pack; in another moment they would be upon her!

Without an instant thought of the consequences, Martha obeyed her first impulse, and struck the logs with her foot, exerting all her full strength in the blow. The frail fabric tottered, the soft earth gave way, there was a breadth of awful suspense, and then the bridges went down with a dull plunge into the waters beneath! The sharp claw of the wolf had already been fixed on the scant vegetation of the rock, and he held there a moment, struggling with ferocious strength to gain a foothold, the next he slid down into the chasm, uttering a wild howl of disappointed rage.

Martha sank on her knees and offered up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for her escape; but simultaneously with the heart-felt "Amen," there came a dreadful recollection. The bridge formed the only connecting link between the Pulpit and the main land, and that was severed! True, she was not more than twenty feet distant from the shores of the river, but she might as well have been thousands of miles out in the ocean. The water was deep, and it ran with almost inconceivable rapidity, forty or fifty feet below her, over rocks so sharp and jagged that it made her shiver to look over the brink.

Her only hope was in her husband. Should he return at the expected time they might still be alive; but if by any accident he should be detained beyond the time! She closed her eyes, and besought God for protection and help.

Cold and hungry, and drenched by the mist of the river, Charlie began to cry for home. She could bear anything better than that. She took off her own garments to fold around him, and held him to her breast and sang him the sweet cradle songs which had so often soothed him.

But the fierce howl of the wolves and the sullen thunders of the river, filled his little heart with terror, and all the long dark night through, he clung to her neck, sleeplessly crying to go home to papa. Day dawned at last, the pale sun swimming through the sickly sky, the pallid forecast of a storm. Weak and faint from hunger, and suffering intensely from cold—for summer is no bearer of tropical smiles in that inhospitable clime—Martha paced back and forth the narrow limits of the rock. Noon came; the faint sun declined—it was night again. A cold fog sank down over the mountain, followed by a drizzling rain, which before morning changed to a perfect deluge. The river rose fearfully, foaming milk-white down the gorge, filling the air with shuddering roar, like the peal of an imprisoned earthquake.

The day that followed was no better—only rain and ashen-white mist—not a ray of sunshine.

A new fear arose in the heart of Martha Warren. The turbulence of the stream must have swept away the bridge over which her husband would cross on his return, and he would be retained for days, maybe for weeks.

She gave up all for lost. Strongly and fearfully was she tempted to fold her child in her arms and plunge into the cauldron beneath, and thus end her fear and doubt! It would be better, she thought than to suffer that slow, painful death of starvation. But something held her back—God's curse was on those who self-murder.

Towards night, a lost robin, beaten about by the storm, stopped to rest a moment on the rock. Martha seized him and rent him in twain, with almost savage glee, for her child to devour raw—she, who three days before would have wept at the sight of a wounded sparrow.

Another night and day like the other, only more intensely agonizing. Martha Warren was suffering indifferently now; suffering had palsied every noble feeling. Charlie moaned for supper—too weak and spent to sit up, he was lying on the rock, his head in her lap, his great eyes fixed on her face.

She tore open a vein in her arm with her seissors, and made him drink the blood! Anything, she said to herself, to calm the wild, wistful yearning of his eyes.

The boy raised—he sat up and peered through the darkness.

"Mamma," he said, "Papa is coming. I felt him touch me."

She wept at the mockery, and drew the child frantically to her bosom.

The night was fair—lit up by a new moon.

Overcome by a deadly exhaustion, against which she could make no resistance, she fell into an uneasy slumber, which towards midnight, was broken by a startling cry. She sprang to her feet and gazed around her.

No! her eyes did not deceive her—there, on the shore stood the stalwart form of her husband, and he was calling her name with the energy of despair. She could only cry out, "O, Mark, Mark!" and fell senseless to the earth.

When she awoke to consciousness, she was lying on her own bed in the cottage, supported by her husband's arms.

It was no dream. She and her darling boy were safe, and he came back.

Many weeks passed before she grew strong again, but Mark tended her as he would an infant, and by the time the autumn frosts fell, she was the blithe Martha Warren of old.

At the time of the freshest, the bridge over the Amonosuck had indeed been swept away, but Mark, impelled by an uncontrollable fear—almost a presentiment—had crossed the river, at the risk of his life on a log raft, and reached home only to find it vacant.

The descendants of Mark Warren and his wife still dwell among the fertile valleys of the Amonosuck, and the old men still tell to their grand children the story of Martha Warren and her child.

THE ROMAN STONE FOR THE LINCOLN MONUMENT. The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette gives the following description of this stone, which has excited so much interest of late, on account of its alleged neglect in the cellar of the White House:

"The stone is a species of red sandstone very similar in texture to that so commonly in use for building purposes in our Eastern cities. Its surface has grown dark by age. A considerable peice has been battered off, and there the grain looks fresh. The block is rectangular, the upper surface being two feet and three inches long and eighteen inches wide, and the thickness about nine inches. The translation has been thus rendered:

"The citizens of Rome dedicate this stone, taken from the tomb of Servius Tullius, to Abraham Lincoln, President for a second term of the United States of America, by which the memory of either brave defenders of liberty may be joined to that of the other. A. D. 1865."

The story of this block, as told by those about the White House, is as follows:

It arrived in the autumn of 1865, or beginning of 1866. It was allowed to lie on the porch of the White House for a number of weeks. One side of the box which held it was broken off. The exposed side was then turned up against the building. Some, who knew its character, criticizing severely the treatment it was receiving, it was taken inside, and for some time formed a sort of foot-stool under a window where orderlies and attendants sat. Finally, after several moves, by none of which was its position bettered, it found its way into the cellar where the White House was being renovated last summer, and from the cellar it was allowed to rest at length in the cell where it lies to-day. Whether this account of the occupants themselves concerning its treatment to be correct, certain it is that the block as described, with the inscription as given, is in this dark coal hole in the cellar of the White House."

AN INCIDENT. Not long since the Hon. Mr. Judd, member of Congress from Chicago, to please some boys, bought a bunch of fire crackers, set them on fire, and threw them into the street, in front of Willard's Hotel. A policeman near by immediately arrested him for violation of a city ordinance of which he was ignorant, and took him before a magistrate. Senator Nye of Nevada appeared for him as counsel, who at once telegraphed to New York for Mr. Greeley to come on immediately and bail Mr. Judd. An answer was received from New York, that Greeley was out West bailing out the Mississippi and could not attend. Whereupon the justice remarked that for such an offence they usually fined gentlemen five dollars, as he was only a member of Congress, he would let him off with a fine of \$2.50, which Mr. Judd promptly paid.

During the last illness of Dr. Chirac, a celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, on recovering from which he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his patients. "Why was not I called in before?" said he. "It is too late; has the gentleman been bled?" His attendant answered in the negative. "Then he is a dead man," answered Chirac; "he will not live six hours;" and his prediction was verified.

To prevent dogs going mad—cut their tails off—just behind their ears.

All Nations but One.

The day before the Cunard steamers arrive in port, being the last of the voyage, is one the passengers generally improve as an occasion for a sort of farewell, or grand dinner, at which songs are sung, jokes cracked and speeches made, every one at the table being expected to contribute something to the entertainment. Upon a recent occasion it chanced that quite a large party of gentlemen, representing a great many different nationalities of the proposers, till at length an American rising in turn, proposed:

"Here's to all nations but one."

This as may be supposed, created some sensation, each suspecting that his nation might be the one referred to, and prepared to resent an indignity thus publicly offered.

"Monsieur does not intend la belle France?" said a Frenchman, first breaking the silence that followed.

"Not at all; Vive la France," said the Yankee, raising his goblet.

"Senor's remarks do not apply to Spain?" said a dark moustached individual, interrogatively.

"Certainly not; the heart of Queen Isabella."

"Germany was always good friend of America," observed a pilgrim from Vaterland.

"The best. I do not refer to her; nor Russia whom we honor. A bumper to Russia," said he, as the blue eyes of a Muscovite lighted up with pleasure.

"Nor Austria," continued he, as a young man of that country fidgeted upon his seat.

"Well, sir," said a sturdy John Bull, rising to his feet, "it is pretty obvious to me in what direction your sentiment is levelled, and as an Englishman, if it is intended as an insult to England, I demand a proper apology for I'll not sit here in sight of my native country and hear her insulted,—least of all by a Yankee."

The Briton grew red in the face, and grasped a decanter, matters looked ominous, for the American rose promptly to his feet.

"Spoken like a man," said he to the Englishman, "but England was not the nation I alluded to."

"Name—name—give us the name," cried the company, now thoroughly excited.

"Certainly, said the American, "with this proviso, that the first one that meets the representative of that nation shall in form him of the slight."

"I gave to all nations but one; the nation that I excepted was—damnation."

John Bull sat down amid the universal shout of laughter that followed this announcement, with the not very charitable wish that the author of this sentiment might be well toasted by the representative of the nation he had slighted.

BULK OF THE GOLD IN THE WORLD. According to estimates recently made the whole amount of gold in the world at the present moment is about \$3,350,000,000 in value. It may be of interest to see what the bulk of this amount of gold would be if it were melted and run together. Pure gold is more than nineteen times as heavy as water; and a cubic foot of water weighs a thousand ounces avoirdupois. A cubic foot of gold would weigh then over 19,000 ounces avoirdupois, and every such ounce of fine gold is worth (according to our coinage) somewhat more than eighteen dollars; so that the whole cubic foot of gold would be worth a little more than a third of a million dollars. A cubic yard of solid gold would be worth twenty-seven times as much as that, or over nine million dollars; and 660 cubic yards would contain somewhat more than the \$3,350,000,000 of gold in the world. These 660 cubic yards would be contained within a room about five yards high, eight yards wide and sixteen yards long; say, a good sized parlor, or a store of moderate size.

"But," says one, "gold is so very malleable that even this small bulk of it would gild over the whole earth." But he either overestimates the malleability of gold, or more likely, underestimates the size of the earth. It takes 1,280,000 leaves of the thinnest gold foil to make an inch in thickness, or about fifteen millions and a third to make a foot, or 46,000 to a yard. A cubic yard of gold, then, could be beaten out so as to cover 46,000,000 square yards; somewhat less than 10,000 acres; for there are 4840 square yards to the acre. Then, as there are 640 acres to the square mile, the whole 660 cubic yards of gold could be beaten out so as to cover about 10,000 square miles. That is, a tract only a hundred miles square, less than the extent of Vermont, and a little more than a fifth of either New York or Pennsylvania.

A Conference preacher, one day, went into the house of a Wesleyan Reformer, and saw the portraits of three expelled ministers suspended from the walls. "What!" said he, "have you got them hanging there?" "Oh, yes," was the answer, "they do complete the set." "Pray, what is that?" "Why, the Devil, to be sure." "Ah!" said the reformer; "but he is not yet expelled from the Conference."

BREVITIES.

A darkey preacher was telling how Adam was the first man created, and set against the fence to dry. An old brother who sometimes had lucid ideas, interrupted him and said: "If dat am true, who made de fence?" Pass around de sasser.

"Well, John, did you take the note I gave you to Mr. Smithers?"

"Yes, sir, I took the note; but I don't think he can read it."

"Cannot read it! Why so John?"

"Because he is so blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

It often happens, when the husband fails to be home to dinner, that it is one of the fast days.

A recent philosopher discovers a method to avoid being dunned! "How?—how?—how?" everybody asks. Never run in debt.

Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite. Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

Why is the fish an eccentric animal? Because he will have his swim.

Why is a soldier acting in compliance with an order given him, like his most formidable weapon? Because he's "obeyin' it" (a layonet.)

Woman is a delusion; but men will hug delusions.

The richer the man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

The best capital to begin life with is a capital wife.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

At one of Mr. Beecher's recent Friday evening meetings, he drew most elegant illustrations from the performance of the Japs. Afterward a woman arose and made some ridiculous remarks. When she had finished Mr. Beecher quickly exclaimed: "Notwithstanding this, still I am in favor of woman speaking in meeting."

PROF. AGASSIZ ON THE ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN RACE. The reported views of Prof. Agassiz which have been reported in journals, and which were referred to by Mr. Munger, M. C. of Ohio, in a speech in the House recently, have caused the distinguished naturalist to speak for himself and define his position on that much mooted question touching the unity of origin or diversity of the human races. While he of course denies that he has ever said anything to vindicate that he held the negro to be the descendant of the baboon, he states his belief that the different types of men are not descended from common ancestors as follows:

The only ground I may have given to question the soundness of my views concerning the different races of men is the opinion I have always maintained, and which I hold now, that the different types of the human family have an independent origin one from the other, and are not descendants from common ancestors; but to the Indians, the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Australians, &c., as well. In fact I believe the men were created in nations, not in individuals; but not in nations in the present sense of the word;—on the contrary, in such crowds as exhibited slight, if any, diversity among themselves except those of sex.

BIRTH AND DEATH RATE OF THE WORLD. Statisticians have calculated that if the population of the world amounts to between 1,200,000,000, and 1,300,000,000 persons, the number of deaths in a year would be about 32,000,000. Assuming the correctness of this calculation, says the London Lancet, the deaths each day would be nearly 83,000; 3,600 per hour, 60 per minute; and thus every second would carry into eternity one human life from one part of the world or another. But reproduction asserts its superior power; for, on calculating the probable annual births of the globe, the result shows that whereas 60 persons die per minute, 70 children are born, and thus the increase of the population is kept up.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY. A most important discovery, far more so than that of the alleged source of the Nile, has just been made in South America. It is that the great River Amazon has been found to be navigable from one end to the other; that in fact, a new route has been opened between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Morona, a Peruvian steamer, which was sent to explore the Amazon, has arrived at Mayto, about 300 miles from Lima. The Morona navigated more than 2000 miles of the Amazon proper and 600 of the Yexali and the Pachitea Rivers, which, until then, had been only Indian canoes. The country is, of course, inhabited only by savages but it is of wonderful fertility.

100

